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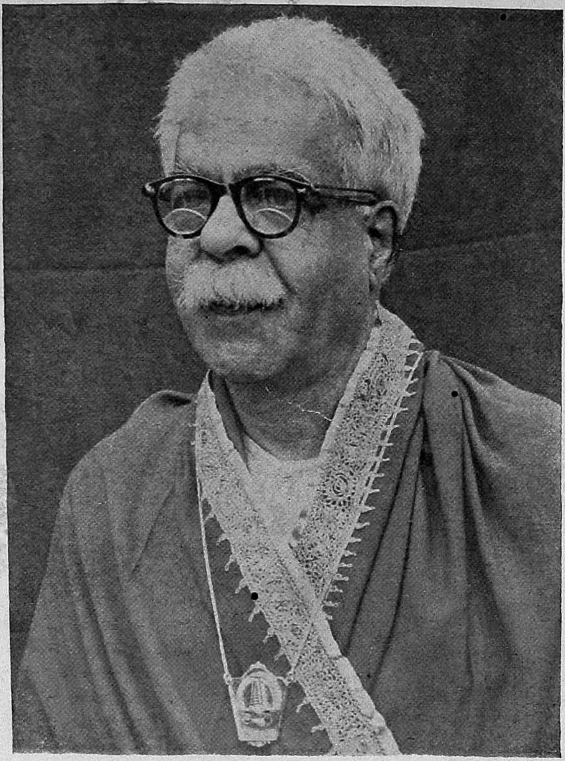

Asthanakavi M. Govinda Pai

THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX, No. 1 September, 1949

THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN*

'But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness'

St. Mark 3 : 29.

This is perhaps the most arresting and, as one ponders over it, the most fearful of all the verses in the New Testament. To the Christian brought up in the tradition that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth him from all sin, that there are no limits either qualitative or quantitative to the forgiving capacity of God, this statement of the one great exception to the rule comes both as a surprise and a shock. While blasphemy against God the Father or God the Son can be forgiven, one wonders why blasphemy against God the Holy Spirit should be put in a special category. I am of the opinion that the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit referred to here does not consist of the spoken word, or an act or even a series of acts but in possessing a certain *attitude of mind.*

The nature of attitudes and the process of their formation has been receiving increasing attention from social philosophers. It is now generally recognised that individual attitudes play a very important part in moulding the structure of society Without entering into the subtleties of a technical definition we may say that an attitude is a generalized habit of mind which enables its possessor to make judgements on individual situations, without taking into consideration relevant circumstances either good or bad. Thus a man who has an attitude of prejudice towards the Negro, will condemn everything done by a Negro, without pausing to consider whether he is being fair in his judgement or not and whether he has given careful consideration to all those matters which have a bearing on the case under consideration. It will be seen from this that attitudes are great social forces. The whole tone of communal life can be influenced by the attitudes of a few individual members A simple attitude can colour a whole series of acts or poison a whole set of opinions. Your happiness and mine ultimately depends on the type of attitudes that we have.

I wish to suggest to you this evening that the sin against the Holy Spirit is not something horrible, revolting or criminal but merely the acquiring of that attitude of mind that always seeks to impute motives to people, that always interprets human behaviour on the lowest level possible, ignoring better alternatives, that sees even in the noblest of acts hidden self-interest and refuses to give people the benefit of the doubt. In short the sin against the Holy Spirit is the sin of cynicism.

Let me illustrate—a man gives a subscription towards a worthy cause, at once the remark is made 'he has done it for show, he wants his name to appear in the papers.' A man saves another's life at the risk of his

*A sermon delivered at the College Service, on Sunday the 7th August 1949

own, at once it is said 'he is after fame, he wants to win the Royal Humanitarian Society's Medal.' The party in power passes some beneficial laws, immediately it is claimed that this is done with an eye to more votes in the next election. A nation makes another, hitherto subject to it, free, forthwith it is affirmed that this was done with selfish motives, because it hopes for better trade relations that way. The unhesitating ease with which a baser motive is attributed when a nobler one is possible—this is the sin against the Holy Spirit.

Let us look at the matter in a more positive way It is the Holy Spirit that enables us to see the general in the individual, the Universal in the particular, and the eternal in the temporal. It is the Holy Spirit that enables us to peer through the mask of drabness that often conceals the divine spark. A few days ago I heard the following story from a friend of mine which impressed me greatly. He was in a train going south. In the same compartment with him, was a woman with a small child. The child was leaning out of the window. Suddenly the train gave a lurch and the child fell out. Immediately there was a big commotion. The chain was pulled, the train stopped and everyone rushed out to see what was the matter There were some labourers working in a field nearby. They also came running to the scene of the accident. Among them was an old woman with a haggard almost repulsive face. She looked completely miserable as though she had never known a day's happiness in her life. She too was clutching a child in her arms. As soon as she heard the news of the mishap, she uttered the name of God and lifted her eyes up to heaven. Then she made the anxious querry 'Is the child safe?' At that moment, said my friend, he felt as if her face was completely transformed. Gone was the old ugly repulsive look. She looked almost beautiful as she stood there clutching her child, the eternal anxiety of the mother for her offspring depicted in her face. Here was not an old crone but the very embodiment of the spirit of motherhood—Eve having her first heart-break over Cain, Rachel weeping for her children. This was the work of the Holy Spirit, the capacity to see the beauty of love behind an unprepossessing exterior. Not to have seen it would have been the great blasphemy for which there is no forgiveness.

This principle that we should treat individuals and incidents not as isolated events but as parts of a bigger reality is one that should prove a healthy corrective to the prevailing analytical tendencies which are characteristic of our modern civilization. Analysis is the great instrument of science and has lead it to many spectacular achievements. But there is a danger the man may lose his soul in his search for the atom and forget bigger values as a result of his preoccupation with a maze of minute facts. We are told that a man weighing about 160 lbs. if analysed into his constituent physical elements will contain about four buckets of water, enough lime to white-wash a small sized room and enough iron to make five or six medium sized nails. The fact that we have enough iron in our body to supply the nails for our own coffin may be economically satisfying, but can analysis of this type ever inspire us? Place side by side to this another fact, the human body is the abode of the spirit of God and you will get some idea of the point I am seeking to make

The analytical tendency has now invaded the social sphere also through the medium of statistics One feels absolutely bewildered by the variety of statistical facts that he is asked to assimilate from day to day. Most of us have not got the necessary technical knowledge to do so. Even the few who have it and use it do not seem to be greatly benefited. I myself have been following closely the collosal amount of statistical data that has been pouring forth from the American press about the Negro, Here seems to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the analytical approach to social problems. We now know all about the Negro's intelligence, how it is inferior to that of the white American, about his emotional instability, about his childish pleasure in imitation and about his fondness for drink and proneness for gambling His sex life has been investigated

to the point of indecency and his home life to the point of exasperation. And what is the net result of it all? The Negro problem continues to be the biggest social problem of America today. We have been told everything about the Negro except the basic truth that he has a soul. The white American has been thinking of the Negro in terms of percentages, averages, norms, coefficients and quotients. The time has now come to think about him as a fellow human being. The Negro cannot be assimilated in American society merely by being *understood*, he must first be *honoured*, but you cannot honour one whom you consider your inferior. It is not statistics but the spirit of God that would ultimately solve this problem

You are all, I daresay familiar with the type of man who goes about talking about the good old days and deploring everything modern—according to such men in olden days servants were more accommodating, children more obedient, teachers more scholarly and students more industrious. There were no troublesome minorities, no strikes and no wars No doubt one finds such a type of person an unmitigated bore, but there is a good deal of truth in what he says. After annihilating distance, prolonging life, conquering disease and splitting the atom we seem to have gone and lost the secret of how to live at peace with our neighbours There is no doubt whatever that the great problem of the 20th century is the problem of social relationships As I have already indicated sociology and social psychology the two sciences that claim to deal with this problem have made an essentially analytic approach to the matter. The ultimate incentive to a solution must come from the realm of the spirit Whether we analyse the causes of friction in the domestic sphere as between master and servant, husband and wife or parent and child, or the causes of colour and race prejudice, the tension between minority and majority groups or of war, we find the same disregard of the spirit at the bottom, the inability to appreciate the other man's point of view, the inability to go beyond the particular to the general, the inability to see individuals as embodiments of the universal principles of goodness beauty and truth.

Some of you might have been reading the life of Charles Freer Andrews, which has been appearing in serial form in the "Illustrated Weekly of India". What was the secret of Andrew's life? A brilliant graduate of the Oxford University, what made this man who had the world at his feet choose a life of self-denial and poverty? His championing the cause of the oppressed and the down-trodden in the Fiji Islands, in South Africa or India was not the result of any species of rationalisation but the direct and logical outcome of his faith in a loving God. Andrews' approach to social problems was a spiritual one. We are told that during the last years of his life he was planning to write a life of Christ. Ill health continuously interfered and on Friday April 5th, 1939, Charles Freer Andrews died without completing the work. The authors of his biography Marjorie Sykes and Benarasi Das Chaturvedi conclude it with the words, 'the life of Christ was never written, it was lived instead' What a magnificent tribute to one who continuously sought to treat even the humblest of his fellow men as a child of God.

We at Tambaram—a secluded community with a Christian background—have a wonderful opportunity of making a spiritual approach to social problems. We will be sinning against the Holy Spirit if we look upon this college as property worth so many lakhs of rupees or as a collection of a thousand students and fifty members of the staff. You who have come here in search of knowledge will be sinning against the spirit if you consider this college as an institution that prepares students for taking University degrees. We who stay here to teach will be committing the same offence, if we let ourselves get too much absorbed in a life of academic routine. This college is more than brick and mortar, it is the embodiment of an ideal to be seen in a setting of a century of sacrificial living.

And to the Christian community at large in India also, the call not to blaspheme the

Holy Spirit comes with a peculiar relevancy to-day. A succession of preachers from this pulpit this term have reminded you of the change of status that has come over us recently. From being the favoured children of a foreign power, we have now become a minority community that is looked askance by the powers that be. But we have nothing to be frightened of as long as we continue to be true to the spirit, as long as we continue to treat every Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Parsi or Atheist that we meet as a child of God. It is this attitude and this attitude alone that will bring about a reorientation of our public life that is so sorely needed.

'God Almighty there is a soul of good in things evil' May the Holy Spirit direct your mind and mine to this core of goodness at the heart of humanity.

S. P. ADINARAYAN.

COLLEGE SERVICE

LIST OF PREACHERS—FIRST TERM 1949-50

July	3	...	Rev. P. Ramaseshan, Presbyter, Church of South India, Tambaram.
„	10	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
„	17	...	Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd.
„	24	...	Dr. Eddy Asirvadam, Professor of International Relations, Harvard University
„	31	...	Rev. W. A Partridge, Meston College
August	7	...	Mr. S. P. Adinarayan
„	14	...	Rev. D. Chellappa, Headmaster, St. Paul's High School, Vepery.
„	21	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
„	28	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble.
September	4	...	Rev. V. M. Thomas.
„	11	...	7-30 a.m. Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
...		...	6 p.m. Mr. C. Devanesen.

TWO POEMS

ALTAR FLOWERS

In chapel tonight
I suddenly became aware
of the flowers
on the altar
as I had never been aware
of them
before.

There is nothing in my life
comparable to the beauty
of these humble blooms
of red hibiscus.

What am I in the presence
of these exquisite tokens
of Thy divine artistry ?

The shabbiness of my life
can offer Thee no worship
like unto the silent praise
of these flowers
on the altar.

SPRING MORNING

This spring morning
I stood looking at the trees
framed in the entrance of the College.

Greenish grey buds
speckled the darker grey
of branch and twig.

I could almost see the little flames of life
encased within the smooth trunks
leaping and growing
to the call of the breeze.

Suddenly I felt happy standing there,
happy to be part of it all.

It must be wonderful to be a tree
this spring morning.

CHANDRAN DEVANESEN.

CHRIST AND WORLD FRIENDSHIP

In the fifth international essay competition organised under the joint auspices of (i) the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, and (ii) the Youth Department of the World Council of Churches, this essay won a fifth prize. Essays were sent in in 28 languages, and were first judged in the country of origin, and the final examining was at Geneva. Miss Mayalatha Krishnaswami (known to many of her friends as Rani) was a student of this college when she wrote this essay, in the English Honours class of 1946–49.

The Fatherhood of God with its corollary, the brotherhood of man is the fundamental principle behind all ideas of International Friendship. It is this principle, and this alone, which gives the assurance, that what we are trying to achieve in the way of universal understanding is not only possible, but also in accordance with the Divine plan. We can follow the light of this idea, because Christ himself first made known this revolutionary attitude to life, upsetting all previous notions of racial superiority, and the inevitability of human nature where avarice and anger are concerned, these things being formerly dismissed with an indulgent, 'It has always been, "each man to himself", and 'always will be,' or disguised under a religious veneer. We talk glibly nowadays of democracy, freedom, emancipation of the individual, and all the various things that follow as a consequence of these ideas, and we may argue that all these enlightened theories concerning the new social and political order that will come, are the natural evolutions of human thought through the ages. But evolution alone cannot give us the sanction and the guarantee that we have in Christ Jesus. 'Our Father which art in Heaven', He taught; and again, 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you'. Certainly this is all we need, to be sure that attempts at World Friendship are not the followings after of shadows, which springing from unreality can never have substance!

In the idea of Christendom we have the first growings towards a fellowship of nations, united in a common allegiance to Christ. Under the Pope, the millions of Christians who acknowledge him as their head, are joined together as one, in a fellowship that knows no barriers of race. And the Protestant peoples of the world too though differing in doctrine, are bound together in their owning of the New Testament as their source of spiritual life. One Lord and one creed we all acknowledge, and Christ, as the centre of all our being, binds us altogether as Christians. 'Christendom', however, seems to many to be an outworn theory. 'It served its turn, and must now take its place among all the other outmoded ideologies', they say. But only a return to the true principles of Christendom with all that it will mean at first—scorn, shame, and ridicule—will ever bring the nations to any real understanding of one another. 'The word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' The incarnation, and the love of God shown thereby, are facts, and only if life is re-modelled in the light of these facts will the pattern of life endure. Nothing can ever be the same as it was before Christ, but only if we plan and live consciously according to this fact, can anything be of lasting worth.

It is only against the commands of Christ, and in contrast to his life and death, that the present state of affairs, of nations warring against each other, suspicion, greed and fear, seem wrong. Before Christ it did not much matter one way or another. Wise men there were, who sometimes worked out a scheme of life to their satisfaction but there was nothing universal in their teaching, nothing that stirred the depths of one's being, and infused one with new life.

Buddhism is generally recognised as the only religion that can bear any comparison to Christianity. It taught '*ahimsa*', or the principle of non-violence; a negation of self; and the ultimate attainment of nothingness—Nirvana—though continued self-negation. But it was a joyless system of thought, and taught how to overcome evil only negatively. '. . . but I say unto you, that everyone who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment' 'Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you'. Love in thought and deed is the only positive way of overcoming and replacing evil with good. And in the light of love alone, can we see the evil before us, and only by its light can we clear away the mists of doubt and misunderstanding, the chief obstacles in the way of World Friendship.

The attainment of Peace among the nations as a step towards world friendship, is of course recognised as essential. But the mere cessation of war will never mean peace. War is not the disease, but the symptoms of a disease which attacks a nation some time at least before the outbreak of war, and continues long after it. There are various aspects of this disease: millions go short of food in one part of the world, while in another country wheat and maize and coffee are used as locomotive fuel; rich capitalists grow richer, while a hardworking man finally feels he might as well not work for all the good it does him; and so on. The disease is Materialism, a way of life based on the satisfaction of self, and which results in frustrated beings, who rush hither and thither in quest of success, and who find it turns to dust and ashes when they get it. Individuals all awry and at war within themselves will never contribute to world friendship How can anyone be friends with another, when each one is out for himself? Peace within the individual and completely integrated personalities in tune with the spirit of Christ can alone assure real and lasting friendship. It is only when men and nations recognise the fact that the right idea should be the only idea in the world, that they will progress as they were meant to, towards a brotherhood of nations. As long as justice continues to be a mockery and another means of attaining one's ends, and as long as people continue to think of honour and truth as all very well on paper but not practical in every day life, so long will the attempts to establish friendship among nations be futile. It is useless to talk at length about internationalism and democracy and live and act in contradiction to these ideas. We have to face and pay the cost of making ideals effective, coupling the theory of high ideals with the practice of low living does not reach anywhere. So too is it a mockery when a nation blinds itself to its own faults and expects other nations to live up to its ideals. In such cases ideals are not ideals, but merely passwords in a particular society. 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men': we must think, act and live this ideal continually if we would have world friendship: '... goodwill towards men,' — 'I' must not matter, it exists only in relation to others, never for or by itself

And so one comes to the part each plays personally in the struggle to establish good will—struggle it is, for never was anything established that made a mark on history without a struggle What should I do towards establishing world peace? It is no use recognising the disease that has touched us all, it is no use agreeing as to what is wrong, if I personally fail to make any attempt to make my life at least a little purer, a little honester, a little more loving, and unselfish, by the light which I receive from the Gospels. I must be prepared to go the whole length of the way in accordance with my beliefs and principles cost what it may Tradition, custom, even established religion, must not be allowed to block my path towards what the Christ-spirit tells me is the right end. All pretences must be dropped, and I must live a life of discipline and self-control. I would abide in love, I would press on, I would be humble, and I would rejoice always. I would be negative to that which is beneath me, receptive to that which is above, not contemplating evil, but bringing in light instead; turning out discord by listening for only the true tones. And I would study

to know and to understand more of all that directs and guides the minds of men in this age of ideologies, and strive to talk less, remembering always that the time for action is now.

Action, concrete action, is necessary on the part of each individual, if we are to have the world peace which will lead to world friendship. What concrete action should I take towards world peace? Before I can do anything outside however, I must try to make discord of any kind within me impossible by a complete surrender to Christ. And then if I could do anything to relieve the suffering immediately around me, I would be making at least a little bit of the earth ready for world peace. Ignorance, illiteracy, a general hopelessness, sickness and dirt are what I see about me. The last two, I could do a good deal to make better, only time and patience being needed to help. Illiteracy I could combat with my poor efforts at teaching at least one person to read. But ignorance and hopeless apathy I can only pray for. It is the greatest thing I can do under the circumstances, since none of my poor, stumbling efforts will be of any use without prayer. When the quickening power of the Spirit of God is felt, then all hopelessness and dejection vanishes away. May I be able to show forth this quickening spirit in my life, and be guided so that others may be able to benefit by my having found it.

In my daily life an international outlook, and the idea of my being a world citizen, should be what is most noticeable in me. I can only be truly international if I cease to be aggressively national. I may be sometimes wrong, my country may be sometimes wrong, an honest apology is never out of place. My country for Christ, and all the countries of the world 'together even in the silent memory of God.'!

I would support all international endeavours both materially if possible, and by my prayers. All international conferences and cosmopolitan gatherings which will lead to an interchange of Art should become frequent. For Art is an aspect of Truth, and so let us 'sing and dance and be joyous, but let each of us be alone, even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music. For only if there 'be spaces in your togetherness,' may 'the winds of heaven dance between you'.

By pledging myself to the service of my country, and doing all I can, each day, to promote a feeling of goodwill, I would be helping to promote world-peace. But the chief thing is that the feeling of goodwill must be genuine, not an intellectual 'it ought to be, and therefore it is in me'.

'The whole wide world for Jesus—This shall our watchword be'. Peace 'is not a need but an ecstasy. It is not a mouth thirsting not an empty hand stretched forth; but rather a heart enflamed and soul enchanted'.

We are all many members of one body—the mystical body of Christ. 'For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body—and have been all made to drink into one spirit' 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' 'My peace is with the humble and meek of heart; thy peace shall be in much patience' World Peace, World Friendship, and Christ Jesus our Lord.

MAYALATHA KRISHNASWAMI.

OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS

On August 15th we celebrated the second anniversary of our Independence in solemn austerity.

It was a fine morning and the Hall was in the waking, unusually early. The more enthusiastic of those who got up, ran round the Hall, ringing the bells of freedom to wake up the others to rise to the occasion. In an hour, by 7 o'clock the whole Hall had collected itself together, in orderly arcs, around the flag-post planted in the centre of the grassy lawn with neatly trimmed hedges. With a short speech, the speaker Mr. K. Sivaramalinga Pillai, hoisted the flag when 'Vande Mataram' record was played. In the serene atmosphere, selected passages from the Gita, the Koran and the Bible were read. After this the youngest member of the Hall Mr. Pandurenga Rao planted a tree in front of the Hall. We hope it will bear fruits of freedom.

An impressive thanksgiving service in the Chapel followed. Prof. Chandran Devanesen addressed the packed audience, sharing his hopes and fears, as a University teacher. And the people rose to pledge to the Motherland, their 'head, heart and hand through the years to be'.

The 'Azad', the Hall bulletin makes its first appearance on the Independence Day and this year, it attracted quite a large number of readers. It was pleasant to read what we wrote about ourselves, our aspirations, attainments and follies, standing near the Hall Theatre made lively by the musical interlude made up of radio and local music.

By noon, a swelling mass of mankind was awaiting a square meal at the mess gate. As usual, a much larger number of people had come than those to whom tickets were issued. They had long stories of distant pilgrimage made for this sacred occasion. With great difficulty the volunteers, tried to request them to wait for the 'ticket-people' to finish and but for a single instance of gate-crashing, the situation was within control.

Even in the grim work of bringing order to a hungry crowd there were sparks of humanity and a number of enjoyable circumstances. The protective instinct of a sister for her brothers, the care of neighbourliness, the care-free lunching of small Chinnadurai, village boy, are a few of the delicious memories of the short contact with the real humanity of care and worry, outside the college fences.

The afternoon was enlivened by the stream of music and the noise of the Independent citizens of Free India Evening came and the happy day passed into memory when a cool breeze settled on calm Tambaram, slowly tickling the proud flag of our cherished ambitions, flying majestically up in the air.

K. GEORGE CHACKO.

Bishop Heber Hall.

PORTRAIT OF A HOBBY

Collecting is of course the commonest hobby of all. And as a very common man you will find me riding an equally common, nonetheless respectable hobby, galloping with the fond hope of collecting specimen copies of newspapers, magazines, periodicals and all sorts of odd literature.

'Do tell us', my friends insist, 'all about your art'. They are all anxious to know the secret of my enterprise. 'It must be wonderful to be a master of specimens: so rich and colourful, so exciting and instructive. Seeing beautiful pictures in fine quality paper. Receiving letters almost everyday from every corner of the globe. You must be really busy. We don't understand how you can ever manage to handle such an overwhelmingly heavy correspondence like this. You just write, persuade, win over, and are exceedingly happy. Are you not?'

Now that my mail-bag is swelling day by day and with it the admiration and enthusiasm of my friends, I feel it is my honest duty to record what really happens in my post-to-post life. To do so may help others interested in this line to appreciate why a man of innumerable letters a week is not after all so happy over his business.

Just when the extra mess bill was deliciously smiling at me and the soft words of the Warden melodiously falling at my ears ('I would rather lose my boys than my money') in rushed my usual stream of letters. The letter I was so desperately looking for had not arrived. Instead, a not at all pleasant post-card made its unwanted impertinent appearance. It was an intimation to the effect that a specimen copy of an upcountry cultural magazine had been sent to me by Value Payable Post.

The next object on which I poured most of my wrath and scorn was a contemptible manager of a contemporary Kannada monthly who peremptorily asked for the return of his dirty stuff if I did not wish to subscribe to it. What meanness! And I was out of my depths when I found a bill which the exacting editor of a hard heartless *Glass Review* of Prague had the temerity to send and advise me to settle the accounts forthwith. I confess, let me whisper, that I have received that damned *Glass Review* some time back. But how the devil could I know that I would have to pay for it later?

In this respect I like Englishmen and Americans. They are wise. They are good. They send me specimen copies free of charge It is an honour and a privilege for them and a joy and a satisfaction for me An eminent economist of rare acumen has devised a technical term for this kind of high transaction which is: 'exploitation of the exploiters'

Although I deeply deplore the inefficiency of our postal system, I never disputed the justification for its existence. I still believe that it was none of its concern to know whether I received this attractive booklet: *Food is more fun with .... wine* from an American distillery company or that Dalda Cook Book from Bombay. This sort of ungentlemanly behaviour on the part of our Indian Posts and Telegraph Department, to say the least, is intolerable and unpardonable. Just because this piece of land has gone dry, should the correspondence of an innocent and high-minded soul like me be subjected to indiscriminate scrutiny and key-hole peeping?

A very uneasy sense of insecurity has lately gripped my tender heart—a heart so tender as to faint at the very sight of blood. At any time the *red*-hounds of our *right*-government might search my room and arrest me for no greater offence than that of possessing a few copies of *Moscow News*. I

never crave for more than is necessary for my collection. One copy is all I want. How can I make the Malabar Special Police see reason in the literature of those red, red Russians when the Moscow Publishers keep on sending me their periodicals, with vengeance as it were? I am simply powerless.

A friend of mine, who is a brilliant student of History, has let the world share his prophetic knowledge. My existence as a specimen-collector any longer would, he believes, prove a definite menace to the peace, the prosperity and the newly-won independence of India. Further he also clearly sees a day when English and American soldiers would pounce upon a poor little, helpless creature and the body torn to pieces.

I slowly turn my dreadful eyes from the gloomy future to the comforting leaves of a woman's journal which has just arrived from New York.

M. JANARDANA,

Heber Hall, Tambaram.

TARA CHAUDHRY

A leading feature of the Rural Service League entertainment which came off on the 18th of August was a three-hour dance-recital by the quick-moving light-footed Tara Chaudhry and her troupe. Needless to say, the performance was of a very high standard.

The fifteen items presented were an interesting cross-section of Indian art, representing the more prominent schools of classical dances They were invariably delightful in several ways as they comprised the touching though rather unrefined folk-dances of Punjab and Gujerat, the complicated, subtle technique and science of the Bharata Natya style, the war-dance of the Bhils, which reminds us of the primitive man in his savage temper, the enchanting and lovely Mohini Attam and Kathakali of Kerala, and the fascinating display of the Manipuri school.

The debut was made by Tara herself. She opened the performance with an invocation to God for inspiration and guidance to make the show a success Known as 'Alarippu' and done after the Bharata Natya style it was indeed magnificent. Four more representations, all equally impressive, were given after the same style before the close. The Bharata Natya school requires certain spectacular movements of the limbs and physical attitude which it is not given to everyone to acquire. Highly technical and intricate as these movements are, the ease and grace with which Tara glides over them, frisking and gamboling with agility and suppleness is too commendable for words. It is as if the flashy dashing actions come out from her effortless She is inimitable, and the position she occupies in Bharata Natya is one of unchallenged supremacy

One of the peculiarities about Tara Chaudhry is that she is as skilful in doing the go-slow movements as she is at her wonderful, split-second dartings. After the interval the quick fast technique disappears and a new technique consisting mainly of slow, continuous actions is adopted with matchless artistic grace.

Be that as it may, the climax came only when Tara staged her masterpiece, 'Usha Nritya' which was her own creation. This was the dance of the morning goddess One was sheerly taken away by awe and wonder as one felt the dizzy heights to which her imagination could soar. Through her hand-poses and physical attitudes, through her rippling, waving motions of the arms, her gestures and foot-strokes she was speaking to us a very powerful language indeed. The serenity of the make-up and costume, the contemplation of the face, the cadence of music and the dim light which implied the small hours of the morning went far to give an effective suggestion of the morning atmosphere. Nobody could have failed to feel the coolness, the stillness and the calmness of the dawn. Motions of the body and emotions of the mind helped to produce such an effect What one keenly missed was only the morning cock's crow.

The Mohini Attam of Malabar is a lovely female dance wherein the facial expressions are considered as important as the wriggling, jolting movements of the body. As far as the physical attitudes are concerned, unqualified praise is Tara's due. But as regards the facial expressions one must go the other way Mohini is a glamour girl. She is a flirt. She has a deceptive mischievous smile, a spirited sprightly nature and she possesses all the coquetry that a woman can have in the full bloom of her youth. These can be effectively suggested by means of the contraction and stretching of the facial muscles in which the eyelids, the eye-brows, the eye-balls, the cheeks, and lips must be brought into

play. The neck has also got to participate in this, movement. Tara Chaudhry never once moved her eyebrows. The expressions of the eyes could also have been more satisfactory. Again she sadly lacks that mischievous smile that makes this character so sweet and lovely and full of life and vitality.

Krishna Leela, done after the Kathakali style turned out to be a hopeless exhibition of what would otherwise have been a very impressive performance. It is still difficult to believe that a person like Tara Chaudhry with her high sense of artistic and technical grace could sometimes become so miserable in the representation of certain themes Firstly I do not understand the reason for the presence of any male character other than Sri Krishna in his wooing dances. Few would like to have his friend, be he the most intimate, to take part or witness as he goes about paying court to his girl, and trying to coal and persuade her. There was a strange scene wherein Sri Krishna calmly allows his friend to bear witness to all his amorous adventures. That is really an error. The vocal and instrumental music which were on the whole admirable somehow failed to give the proper atmosphere to set the stage for the Kathakali dance. In short, the execution of the whole scene was thoroughly inadequate, and I felt that utter confusion and not Krishna Leela was being staged.

As regards the minor dancers, Kamalkumar was playing the leading role always, with the girls always accompanying him. Tall and strong, though a little heavy built in body, he happily reminded me of a male portrait drawn after the Bengal school of painting. The expectations placed on him were not fully justified. He was at his best possibly as he was doing the Sari dance which has its echo in Kathakali, Kamalkumar has a distinctive style of his own in his physical attitudes ; nevertheless I feel that unfortunately a sort of stiffness of his bodily actions and his slightly massive size takes away part of the power and vigour of his very fine style.

As for the girls they raised the quality of the whole scenes by their simultaneous, symmetrical actions, and their colourful, though folklike, dressings. One cannot forget that artless, unaffected grace of one of those girls (whose name I forget) and the rather amusingly simple but sad eyed feature of another

I should be failing in my duty if I do not praise the make-up and costume used to display the Moonlight. Radhika as 'Moonlight' gave her beautiful display. The folk dances as well as the 'Fisherman' were enjoyed by all of us, though I felt that there was not much in them to be viewed as scientific and technical

R. Ravi Varma.

CONFIDENCE

Others may say what they like,
May hold me up or pull me down:
The few who know me close,
I'm known to them and they to me.

Understanding has its price,
Faith and hope and truthfulness;
Disparage you may, any:
Appreciate, you can, but few.

Many can't know me close,
Nor can I, many:
Let me know the few I can,
And leave the many to themselves.

G. C. KUTTICKAL.

YEARNING

In the tender softness of your tear-brimmed eyes,
I would I saw the glory of the sun and the stars
The Eternal Beauty that is light.
In the added warmth of your 'blessing' cheeks,
I would I saw the 'redness' of the rose,
The beauty of the wild flowers whose enchanting odours
Come in caressing little gusts and conjure up wild dreams.
I would I saw your moist petally lips
Quivering and trembling
Like a leaf—as they say—in the wind,
Like a soft-feathered bird in the chill.
—I would I saw,
But I see not,—for I am blind.

P. V. MARTHANDAM.

WRITING HOME

DEAREST FAMILY,

Raise the flag and sound three long incredulous cheers! Two great things have happened. I have been admitted into college and the College has made a deep impression on me. I am so keen about the whole thing that I can hardly wait to thank you for sending me out here and that sort of thing It took me some time to get over the excitement that I was going to live right here. You'll all love the campus as I do So green, so beautifully planted with every kind of tree, wide paths winding like big snakes under their shade, so stunning in the sunlight, so silvery white in the moonlight with a calm of its own. The campus speaks! Speaks of her wonderfully romantic traditions, the deep love of Christian's alumni, the loyalty of her students; and above all the brilliant whiteness of her purity and spirit! Not the wild parties and loud excitements that so many think represent college life, but the spirit of the men and women who have gone before us—walking the same old paths and loving the same dear college for its own sake. It is education in itself to walk around and feel this spirit taking hold of you and all that power and snap banging into you—it's College life! And folks, believe it, I've laid down my maxim 'Never let your studies interfere with your college education'.

We started college at the right time of the year. Just when the grass is a vivid green, the flamboyants flaming out their best vying with the graceful cassias all along the borders of the gravel paths and everything standing out in bold relief against the bright background. You're more than surprised when you bump into buildings turning the corner. Those are the lecture rooms or they may be the halls. Simple structures with beauty and strength in them. You'd love to roll on the playing fields hiding behind the shrubbery—out there the birds put forth a grand chorus and over the whole singing world is the bright tropic sky blue beyond belief and the sun overdoing his act of shining! At such a time you enter College and whatever my beliefs, an atmosphere like this proves to me there's a God. Yet there are some fellows who walk to class concentrating on their *shoes* and never a smile on their faces. The poor babes are missing quite something in life.

The head spoke to us the first day which put us into stride. You wouldn't be surprised at the relation between a student and his professor—it's that of a most amazing friendship. To the man coming from high school where the teacher is his natural enemy, the sight of a professor and his student joining in an after-dinner entertainment and then the same Professor calling down the same student the next day for being unprepared, is nothing short of bewildering! That is what we call treating students like men—do you wonder they are popular?

We are getting on famously. It wouldn't be bad if we weren't so keen about everything. This year things begin to count. Classes are interesting and we're getting organised. Three years more—with what to look forward to? I get a thrill out of every little try I make to look into the exciting and elusive future. Every man is vehement about the value of his own course! Perhaps in a year's time I'd have learned to study. Anyway, folks, it's a joy to work here—we're always on the move, fighting between right and wrong, between self-control and impulse, between duty and pleasure College is a battle-ground and a glorious one!

I couldn't say enough if I were to write pages but as Stevenson illustrates my case—'not what I say, but what you know I mean' is the way you should interpret my writing. Living and working here, you think about many things, have new and wider concepts of things, and feel that it has been well worthwhile. I am glad that you folk can understand the way I feel. I can't experience loveliness in any form without wishing that you could be with me. That gives you an idea of the time I am having but that is only an idea. Wait till I come home—I'll have heaps to tell you.

ARUNTHATHY KANAGATHUNGAM

MEET THE NEW GRADUATE

All over the Madras Presidency a few hundred young men and women are self-consciously tacking on a couple of letters to the names they were born with A degree is a degree whether it is a first class Honours degree or a not-so-rare third class degree wrested from the 'duly appointed examiners' after a long and determined struggle. It is more than fifteen months since I passed my examination but time had not dimmed my excitement when early in August I began to talk of the 'forthcoming convocation, you know.' I also developed a habit of saying 'what can you expect of undergraduates' whenever some youthful prank was mentioned to me I was to take my degree in a few days and I was certainly not going to let myself or others ignore it for a moment.

I had an inkling of what I had let myself in for only when I began to hunt for a set of academic robes. My impression had been that you just pay a visit to some lecturer or professor who happens to be on the senate, talk to him for a few minutes about the weather and then bear off his robes in triumph. But the ownership of these gowns and hoods seems to be an unsolved mystery. I interviewed half a dozen members of the gown-wearing fraternity and would you believe it, not one of them owns the gown he dons. They are all borrowed gowns and not borrowed first hand either, as a little investigation showed. So far as my experience goes the only persons who frankly and unashamedly confess to possessing gowns and hoods are—the tailors in and about Triplicane or China Bazaar. But these gentlemen demand what I take to be 'illegal gratification' for their use. This I could ill afford as I contemplated a dozen different photographs after the event and a graduation treat to my importunate friends. I am a good bargainer however and for a ridiculously small amount I managed to hire a very famous set, the identical gown and hood worn in fact by the first graduate of the University of Madras!

Procuring these articles of dress seemed to be simplicity itself when it came to putting them on. It was a funny sight, all the would-be graduates trying to look very knowing as they slipped their arms into what were deceptively like sleeves. I hope I was wearing my robes alright but if so I claim no credit for it. The usual procedure was to take one look at your right hand neighbour, another at the left (they were sure to be wearing them in different ways) and decide which you preferred. Then as likely as not a third gentleman would stroll by and upset your equanimity.

Once inside the Convocation Hall however all was fun If one fault could be found about the seating arrangements, it was that they were a little unnatural. A gentleman occupying seat 305 say would be puzzled to find next to him the seat 307. His bewilderment would have turned to chagrin or even righteous indignation could he have known that seat 306 was in that portion of the Hall reserved for ladies. Except for such unwarranted meddling with the divine order of the integers everything was well arranged and properly impressive Rows upon rows of square heads (caps I should have said) and hoods of different colours do gladden the eye even if the wearers' faces betray varying degrees of boredom, discomfort and despair. All the visitors however enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Proud Mamas and Papas were there in plenty besides exultant brothers and sisters, though it must have been pretty difficult even for the eye of love to distinguish its hero from the rest of the black-robed procession that thronged past the chancellor.

At last we emerged from the Hall, full-fledged graduates ready to uphold the principles of sound learning and morality according to our pledges It is difficult to state what our predominant emotion then was. As I was coming out I accosted a B L. and asked him how he liked his second visit to the Convocation Hall. He looked at me strangely for a minute and snapped out 'Couldn't you have guessed I took my B.A. degree *in absentia*?' Well, well!!

P. R. V. BHIMAN.

THE KONA

'A Kona!' said a friend of mine, when I mentioned the word to him, 'I think it is a prehistoric mammal. Where is it found now?' No, A Kona is not a mammal, as my wise friend of the Zoology section supposed. In simple Telugu, it means a gap in the mountains. But the Kona of this essay is not a mere gap. It has a waterfall, to intensify its beauty and reveal the supreme beauty of the Divine hand that shaped it.

It is seven to eight miles from my town. But there is a bus, which took us close to the spot We got down at about 7 a.m. from our roaring vehicle and had to walk at least three furlongs to reach our destination. As we drew near, the rattling noise of the waterfall became clearly audible.

The first item of our programme was to take a bath in the falling water. One after another, everyone finished his bath and only two of us, who believed in praying to God, went to a small temple of Lord Siva close by and did our daily worship. Meanwhile the others were busy in mopping up the small store of bread and butter, which we had brought with us. We hurried through our worship and made towards our friends, who had already finished half of the meal.

It was about 9 a.m. by now. One of us took up his book and began reading it aloud, another was busy in throwing stones at the unripe mangoes, hanging loosely as if waiting to be thrown down by us, and the others were sauntering lazily around the temple.

Time gradually passed on. Without our least knowledge, we found that the sun had crossed our heads and the watch was showing three o'clock. Some zealous enthusiasts amongst us launched the idea that we should go up the hill and find out where this endless stream of water was coming from, and this was unanimously seconded. We clambered along the steep hills, passing by many large snake holes, dangerous crevices and deep pools of water. If anyone had ventured to go there alone through these places, I am sure he would have taken a vow in the name of Lord Siva, never to tread upon these paths. But it seemed a pleasure for us, though near some large snake-holes, we were compelled to whisper to one another lest some deadly snake should suddenly rise up from its abode. At last we reached the place, right above the waterfall, where small shallow canals were joining together and flowing down in the form of a waterfall.

Our search did not end here. We walked on, inquisitive to find out where these canals got the water from. A few minutes' walk gave us the clue: drops of water were trickling down from between two heavy stones. Where these drops could have come from, nobody can tell. Winter or summer, spring or autumn, these tiny drops of water will be trickling down one by one, striking the stones underneath with a melody—tick! tick!! tick!!! This, like Tennyson's 'Brook' can well sing

> 'Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on for ever'

No human hand could have been capable of shaping such a thing. Even our friend the atheist exclaimed, 'How beautiful!' almost mechanically. Indeed I could have spent away the rest of my life gazing at this, had not some friend cried out that it was time for our bus. So we walked back reluctantly, turning back now and then to make the scenery permanent in our mind's eye. Our return journey proved to be quite sober. Perhaps the poet in everyone of us was awake. But it was certain that our talkative tongues were temporarily hushed and nobody dared to break the silence, as if he were fearing to hear his own voice.

But once we were seated in the bus we forgot everything and thought only of the uncomfortable seating in the bus. Once more we were the same old college students, full of vim, vigour and vitality not to speak of variety and vanity.

But whenever our minds turn back upon this never fading beauty of the scene, the same old serenity comes back to us Is not a thing of beauty a joy for ever?

K. SITARAM.

AYE KRUSADI

The senior students of the zoo department inaugurated their eventful year by an excursion to Krusadi

We started on Friday the 22nd July and reached Krusadi on the next day by 11-30 a.m. Though a little frayed and hungry, we pulled ourselves together. The Island rang with occasional yells of 'aye Krusadi' and 'lay the pistol down', which indeed made us all lay down our heavy heads.

After tea, we did some collection at 'Sandy Point', with the inviting sea before us and the evening breeze singing about our ears. This was indeed a rehearsal for what was to follow.

Our routine work started the next day with the 'lash'. Thrilling expeditions were arranged to picturesque islands like the 'Shingle' and the 'Pulli'; in boats, whose helmsmen were more inclined to sleep, than to learn for what it was all about! Always the way and wind were ready for us and they seemed to inspire us always, to take the 'tide at its flood.'

Our collections though not always colossal were indeed fascinating. We gained not only academical knowledge, but even our aesthetic tastes were repaired, by classical items, such as the 'crab dance' and the 'Zulu band'.

After a week's stay at Krusadi, made cheerful not only by jocularity of the boys, but also by the juvenity of the staff, we turned homewards, not to forget a day's halt at Rameswaram, whose enchanting atmosphere and lovely temple, enthralled us beyond expression. Its exquisite collection of shells robbed us considerably of our voices, and purses.

We returned,—a bit rueful—for the sun and sea had left a little impression upon us. But always with eager expectations, of singing once again on that lovely haunt,—'Aye Krusadi'.

JOHN NINAN.

'Great Expectations'—Leaving for Krusadi

Dorairaj

The Sailors Return

Bangalore Children

R. Dwarakanathan

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MADRAS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To

The Editor,

The Madras Christian College Magazine.

WATER REGULATIONS

Dear Sir,

Though hailed with delight at first, the Bursar's notification saying that restrictions on water supply would be lifted for the time being, is now being looked upon with some suspicion, as the quality of the buttermilk served in the Messes has changed. The said buttermilk which used to be more or less opaque has become rather transparent.

On behalf of the students and the scarcity of water, I request you to make use of your influence on the Bursar and see that restrictions are once again imposed.

Thanking you,

Yours truly,

C. T. DAVID.

P.S.—I am not a member of the Anti-bathing League.

C. T. D.

'GROW MORE FOOD'

Dear Editor,

One hears more and more about less and less talk, asking us to grow more and more food instead. I would not have not minded these verbal vapours, but since the Prime Minister is sure that we will not import any food into India in 1951, I have been driven to writing to you about it.

Pandit Nehru has asked us to grow food in pots if we do not have any land to work on. And why worry about pots, when we have plenty of waste-paper-baskets, one in each room. Our rooms are airy enough, admitting plenty of light and water too, through the windows on rainy days. Conditions suited for the growth of graduates of Madras University must certainly be a hundred times ideally suited for small plants.

The non-residents have the scope for much better scientific plantations. Their pockets are the best for organic growth In their daily academic pilgrimage, they can provide the seeds, heat from the jammed journeys to and fro, light from the peeping sun-rays and, above all, electricity throughout.

We can have a target too. One plant, a student per term and five grains per plant will easily work upto no less than 15,000 grains, leaving a wide margin for less of growth during third term owing to the perennial outbreak of annual examination epidemic.

Thanking You,

Yours growingly,

K. G. C.

COLLEGE NOTES

TREE PLANTING

In response to the appeal made by the Central Government, by the Premier of Madras, and by the Madras Department of Agriculture, to celebrate Independence Day by planting trees in the week August 15th to 22nd, seven students planted seven trees, after digging pits for the trees two feet deep, and undertaking the necessary subsequent watering. The south-west quarter of the college grounds has few trees, and these seven trees, planted in rows west of the sports field, are peltophorum trees, which will cover the ground with a golden carpet for all to see who in future generations come to the annual sports.

The students who have been visiting Tambaram cheri have planted there an acacia and a gundamoni tree, for which the young men of that village have undertaken the after-care.

And the members of the S.C.M. who work in Pammal have planted several neem trees (margosa) there, and endeavoured to protect them against goats by a brick wall round them.

STAFF

Since the end of last term Dr. P Kesava Menon, lecturer in Mathematics, has left us to take up an important post in the Joint Cipher Bureau of the Ministry of Defence, where, we understand, his researches in Theory of Numbers will be of great value.

Mr. John Ramakrishnan, lecturer in Economics, has gone to Toronto University with a Vincent Massey Scholarship.

Another old student and former member of staff, Deacon K. C Joseph, latterly professor of English in Union Christian College, Alwaye, has gone to the same University.

Mr. C. Ambasankaran, lecturer in Physics, has gone for training in Electrical Engineering to Messrs. Metropolitan-Vickers in Maschester.

Mr. Chandy Kurien, lecturer in Zoology, has returned to Agra University to continue research there.

Dr. P. S. Srinivasan has returned as lecturer in Physics. Rev. G. Paul David, an old student who has been on the staff of American College, Madura, has come as lecturer in Economics Mr P. S. Bhaskaran has become lecturer in Mathematics. Mr M. B Madhiah, lecturer in Zoology, and Mr. D Giles Lal lecturer in Botany.

Of last year's tutors in English, Mr. M. Aramvalarthan has become a lecturer in Coimbatore and Mr. S. Jagadisan in Government Arts College, Salem. Mr. G. T. Narayana Rao, tutor in Mathematics, has become a lecturer in St. Aloysius College, Mangalore; Mr. P. S. Bhaskaran in this College, and Mr. S. R. Seetharaman is in American College, Madura Of the Physics tutors Mr. S. Sadagopachary is in the National Physical Laboratory, New Delhi, and Mr. C. R. Viswanathan has joined All-India Radio, New Delhi

NEWS OF OLD STUDENTS

Since the last issue of the *Magazine* we regret to have received news of the death of Konda Venkatapayya an old student of the college and a Veteran Congress leader.

We have been happy to receive news of the following honours received by old students of the College ·

Sir S. Radhakrishnan has become Ambassador to Russia, on completion of his work as Chairman of the Inter-Universities Commission.

Sir A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar has been elected Chairman of the Executive Committee of the World Health Organisation, which has been meeting in Rome. He paid two visits to the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Cause in Switzerland

Mr Bashrer Ahmed Sayeed has been made a Judge of Madras High Court.

Mr K K. Mathen, who took his M.A in Mathematics in this College in 1940, has been Acting Professor of Vital Statistics in the Institute of Hygiene and Public Health

in Calcutta, and has now been elected by the Government of India for a Rockefeller scholarship to Johns Hopkins University, U.S.A.

In the list of 162 successful candidates for the Indian Administration Service pubished in July we have found the names of the following old students of the College

Mr. BAGLODI DEVA RAO, has the eighth rank in the list. He was resident in Heber during his English Honours course, 1944-47, and had the first rank in the examination in 1947. He was editor of the Heber Hall Miscellany (now called Azad). He was a tutor in St. Thomas's for a year after his degree, and has since been a lecturer in Government College, Mangalore.

Mr. M. PANCHAPPA was English tutor in Selaiyur Hall after passing English Honours examination with the first rank in 1946. He was resident in St. Thomas's Hall.

Mr. V. E. ARUNACHALAM was also resident in St Thomas's Hall, and passed the English Honours examination in 1946.

Mr. V. BALASUBRAMANIAM took the English post-graduate course 1944-46, and was a resident of Heber

Mr. T. C. KRISHNAN was a boy in the College School, and during his Intermediate and History Honours course, a resident of Selaiyur Hall, where he was popular in many activities. He passed the History Honours examination in the first class in 1946.

Mr. K. C. THOMAS took his Intermediate in C M.S. College, Kottayam, and B A. and M.A. (in History and Economics) in this college, passing the M.A. examination in the first class in 1947. He was secretary of the literary and debating society in Selaiyur Hall. Since 1947 he has been a lecturer, resident in Heber.

Mr. A. R. NATARAJAN passed the Economics Honours examination in 1947, in the first class. He took both Intermediate and Honours in this college, and was resident in Selaiyur Hall for part of his five years in the college. He has since been in the Law College, passing the B L. Examination this year.

Mr. E. K KOSHY took Economics Honours. He was a boy in the College School, and took his whole college course here. He was U/O in the U.O.T.C.

Mr. P. S. BHASKARAN took his Intermediate in Union Christian College, Alwaye. During his Mathematics Honours course (1944-47) he was resident in St Thomas's Hall, and has since been a resident tutor and lecturer in Heber.

Mr. C. V. KRISHNA REDDI was a resident in Selaiyur Hall during his Mathematics Honours course (1942-45). He has since had two years at St. John's College, Cambridge, taking the Mathematical Tripos.

Mr. RAGHUNATHA RAO SAVOOR was also in the Mathematics Honours class of 1942-45, and a resident of Selaiyur Hall. He has been since then Professor of Statistics in the Research Institute and College at Anand, and is now Assistant Director (Yarn Statistics) in the Office of the Textile Commissioner.

Mr. N. SRINIVASARAGHAVAN took his Intermediate in this college, and B.Sc. (Chemistry), passing the B.Sc. in the first class in 1946. He has been for two years a resident tutor. Both as student and as tutor he has been a member of Heber Hall.

Mr. B. VENKATARAMAN, a former Physics tutor, resident in St Thomas' Hall, who took his Physics Honours degree in Annamalai, is also in the list

SCIENCE JUBILEE EXHIBITION

The first Science Association in the college was founded in 1899. The separation of the sciences into different associations came years later. We regard this year, then, as a jubilee year for the science associations in general And we propose to mark the occasion by an exhibition at the first week-end of next term, Friday and Saturday, October 7th and 8th. Admission will be by ticket, purchasable from the student volunteers.

ASTHANAKAVI M. GOVINDA PAI

The following notes are mainly taken from the article in the official pamphlet on the Poets Laureate, published by the Government of Madras.

Sri Mangalore Govinda Pai was born on 23rd March 1883, at his maternal grand-father's

house in Manjeswar, South Kanara district. He is the eldest son of the late Thimma Pai and Srimathi Devakamma. He belongs to the Vaishnava section of Saraswat Brahmins. His ancestors were residents of Gokarna During the tyrranous rule and religious persecution by the Portugese who were the rulers of Goa, some of the Saraswat Brahmin families had to seek a home abroad and finally they settled down in Mangalore. Sri Govinda Pai got his primary and secondary education in the local Basel Mission School and the Canara High School, Mangalore. He joined the Madras Christian College in 1905 and sat for the University examination, in 1906. He earned first class in English in B.A. and secured a high place in second class in Sanskrit. Due to illness (eye trouble) and the loss of some of his nearest and dearest relatives at home, Sri Govinda Pai could not appear for his optionals (Mathematics) and complete the B.A degree examination. In 1901 he married Srimathi Krishna Bai Kamath of Mangalore and lost her after a short period of happy life Thereafter he dedicated himself to the sacred service of Karnataka Music. He has written a number of poems in connection with the sad demise of his dear wife. They are entitled 'Nandā Dipa' = unquenchable flame, the volume containing them is an offering of songs to God in memory of his departed wife. Yet, a number of shorter and longer poems are written and published under the name of 'Gilivindu' = flock of parrots. He has written Gomata Jaina Sthuthi in praise of three Gommata Colassii in Karnataka He has penned a few sonnets also on the memorable events of Mahatma Gandhi's life. Sri Govinda Pai has pursued a revolutionary path in writing poems without Prāsa—the alliterative second letter of each foot in a verse, which has all along been looked upon as the *sine quo non* of South Indian poetry. He has adapted the Shakespearian sonnet in Kannada and several themes are written therein. He has translated Fitzerald's English version of 'Rubaiyat' of the Persian Poet Omar Khayyam His outstanding blank verse poems are 'Golgotha'—describing the last days of Jesus Christ and his crucifixion, 'Vaishakhi'—a poem about the last days of Buddha and 'Hebberalu'—a one act verse-drama with a chorus after the manner of Greek Dramas. He is now engaged in writing Sri Krishna Charita, in verse. Besides being a gifted poet, Sri Govinda Pai is an astute critic and an able research scholar. His research articles in Kannada exceed more than one hundred in number. He has engaged himself in doing regular research work in the History of Hindu India and Karnataka in Kannada. Sri Govinda Pai knows more than 22 languages both European and Indian. All together he has written 25 research articles in English on various topics, namely, deciding dates, genealogy, chronology, literary antiquity, religion, grammar, philology, history and allied subjects. His articles on 'Some Kannada passages in a Greek Farce of the Second century A.D.,' Ptolemy's Hippo Kousa–Haiga and Haiva (North Kanara District), are very much appreciated by Kannada literary men. All his poems contain high ideals and breathe lofty sentiments His research articles are remarkable for their profound scholarship. As an old boy of our college who has won a rare distinction as a research scholar and a unique title Asthana Kavi (Poet Laureate in Kannada) as a pioneering modern poet, at the hands of the Government of Madras, we heartily congratulate him on this happy occasion.

THE MAGAZINE

The students who formed the magazine committee last year, and who had done such such good work on the magazine for the past two years, have nearly all left Others have agreed to do the work, and much of the work of editing this number has been done by V R. Narayanaswami, M Unnikrishnan, K. George Chacko, Leo B. Fredericks and A P Paul. A. P Paul is news-editor, and has collected reports from societies, halls and games with great promptness. We are grateful to the secretaries of halls and societies and captains of games, who this term have sent in reports without repeated reminders. Leo B. Fredericks and V. R Narayanaswami are sharing the work of advertisement manager, since there are now many more advertisers

in Tambaram. Please look at our advertisements, and, when you open a bank account, get your hair cut, buy a coffee or a book, or get a job of printing done, mention to the manager of the firm that you have seen this advertisement.

We want more news in the magazine. Apart from reports of societies we should like to have more informal accounts of more informal activities. We hear of Wayfarers and Wanderers, of an Athenaeum, of Vandulur Rangers and Irumbuliyur Rovers. Could we not have some account of their doings? The article on Krusadi in this number is a good example of clear and simple writing-up of events of interest to those who went on the excursion, and to those who hear about it, and even to those who hear at unearthly hours the noise of the conches which the excursionists spent so much money on. We should value more articles like that.

And there are, both east and west of the college grounds, a number of hostels—Sankara Vilas, Meston Villa, Solomon Villa, Mohan Coffee Bar, the Begum hostel, and may be others. More than one has its own debating society, there are readers clubs, and terminal dinners. Surely there is material enough for an article on life in the hostels.

MR. M. S. SABHESAN

We record with regret the death of our revered friend Mr. M. S. Sabhesan. A notice of his life and work will appear in the next issue of the *Magazine*.

HALL REPORTS

BISHOP HEBER HALL

As usual our hall life began with seniors full of enthusiasm and freshers in fear and suspense of things to happen. For a fortnight, 'taming the rough freshers' went on (in no violent way except for the periodic pillowing) and at last on the 15th of July they were duly baptized and taken into the fold of Heberians. The oldest member of the Hall, D. R. Jesudian received the salute from the Juniors and then delivered a short speech advising them.

On August 9th we observed the 'Martyr's Day' by fasting at night. On 15th we celebrated the 2nd anniversary of the Indian Independence by hoisting the National Flag in the early morning and by feeding the poor at noon.

We had a 'graduates' reception' on the 19th and we congratulated them by giving them a grand dinner and a nice entertainment.

The various societies are working promisingly. Our Literary and Debating Society was inaugurated by Mr Harry Heep of the British Information Services and also we had another address by Dr. (Miss) Mason of W. C. C. under the auspices of the above Society.

Office-bearers for this academic year are :—

K. Sivaramalinga Pillai—*Speaker.*
P. V Jacob—*General Secretary.*
C. Adeesan—*Literary Debating Society Secretary.*
F. I. C. Fewkes—*Outdoor Games Secretary.*
M. Krishnan Kutty—*Indoor Games Secretary*
C. E. J. Verghese—*Entertainment Secretary.*
T. M. Alexander—*Reading Room Secretary.*
G. Stephanos—*Radio and Gramophone Secretary.*

C. ADEESAN,
for General Secretary
24-8-1949. P. V. JACOB—*on leave.*

ST. THOMAS'S HALL

Our hall activities began with the usual ducking and pillowing to which even St. Thomas's has to condescend because it is the tradition and we believe in traditions. Yet the freshers soon discovered the brighter side of the life here when they had a glimpse of the histrionic talents of our hall on the 'Fresher's night'. Our entertainment secretary Sri C. R. Vijairaghavan is keeping up the St. Thomas's standard of clean and excellent entertainments. The Debating Society had a glorious start with the inaugural by Dr. K. B. Menon. After that the secretary for debates resigned for personal reasons and Mr. C. D. Menon has filled the vacancy. There was a couple of other vacancies in the cabinet. Elections for them were held early this year and the following are the office-bearers :—

Sri I. M. P. Nedungadi—*General Secretary.*
Sri C. R. Vijairaghavan—*Secretary for Entertainments.*
Sri C. D. Menon—*Secretary for Debates.*
Sri R. J. Dominic—*Secretary for Outdoor Games.*
Sri J. T. Thomas—*Secretary for Indoor Games*
Sri S. K. Bal—*Librarian.*
Sri B. S. Dorairaj—*Secretary for Veg. Mess.*
Sri A. G. John—*Secretary for Non-Veg. Mess*

The independence day was celebrated with solemn dignity when the warden hoisted the national flag. There was poor feeding in the afternoon.

'Usha' our Hall magazine will appear shortly. The editors are sparing no pains to make her beautiful. The General Body Meetings are well attended and they speak much for the spirit of Camaraderie which prevails in the hall.

J. M. P. NEDUNGADI,
General Secretary.

SELAIYUR HALL

This year we saw the junior students joining us in two batches as a result of which the bustle in the hall continued for quite a long time.

Owing to the non-return of two of the elected Secretaries and another having resigned, three new members were elected, all being unopposed.

The literary and debating secretary forced his way first to hold the inaugural meeting of the society. Mr. S. P. Adinarayan, M.A., spoke on 'Post War Life in Oxford' to a largely attended hall.

The Non-resident Social went off in a grand manner. K. S. Ramamoorthy, popularly known as Tubby, the non-resident representative in his *short speech*, claimed that they are part and parcel of Selaiyur Hall. The entertainment that was put up that day showed the creative powers of the Secretary and also his histrionic talents on the stage.

There was marked enthusiasm in the first General Body Meeting. Despite the questions that were fired, in the midst of noise, there were also resolutions of a serious nature passed by the august assembly.

I understand that good work is being carried on by the other secretaries in their respective spheres.

We note with pleasure the election of Messrs George Isaac and T. P. Subramonian to be Student-Chairman and Secretary of the College Union Society respectively.

N. Kannayiram,
General Secretary.

SOCIETIES

COLLEGE UNION

The elections did not make any noise at all. Mr. George Isaac was elected unanimously as Student-Chairman for the year Mr T. P Subramonian was unanimously elected Secretary.

The inaugural meeting was held on 11th August 1949 The Hon'ble Shri K. Madhava Menon, Minister for Education, Government of Madras, delivered the inaugural address.

Wait, Readers; the rest will come in the next issue of the Magazine.

T. P. SUBRAMONIAN,
Secretary.

CHRISTIAN UNION

We began this year with the following office-bearers.

(i) Ivor Smith-Cameron—*President.*
(ii) K. M. Mathew—*General Secretary.*
(iii) Joseph Thambiah—*Treasurer.*
(iv) Rabindranath Azariah—*Selaiyur Hall Secretary.*
(v) E. C. George—*Secretary, St. Thomas's Hall.*
(vi) P M. Thomas—*Secretary— Bishop Heber Hall.*
(vii) George Zachariah—*Secretary, S. V. M. U.*
(viii) J. R. Ratnanayagam—*Secretary, Drama Club.*
(ix) A. V. M. Michae Durairaj—*Secretary, R. Sq.*
(x) P. P. M Chinnadorai—*Non-residents' Representative.*
(xi) Miss Arunthathy Kanagathungam,—*Women's Representative.*

Most of the members of the Committee attended the study Conference at the eve of the reopening of the College and prepared themselves for the work of the year. And almost all of them attended the Conference of the S.C.M. officers of the area, held at Gurukul.

The first meeting that we had was the freshers' social where we welcomed the newcomers into the fellowship of the movement. It was presided over by Dr. A. J Boyd, the patron of the Union. I have every reason to believe that the meeting was quite good in spite of the poor refreshments and I hope the entertainment was really appreciated in spite of the scarcely audible 'dialogue from behind the scene.' Then came the area freshers' social which was attended by a good number of our members.

After that we had two general meetings. The first was addressed by Dr. Mathews Mar Athanasius of the ancient Syrian Marthomite Church of Malabar. He spoke on the 'force of an embodied idea.' The second one was addressed by Deaconess Carol Graham, the regional secretary of the Christian Home Movement, South India. She gave an instructive talk on the 'Christian Home.'

This year we have formed a dramatic club inside the Christian Union to gather together all the histrionic talents that we can find in it. Its programme is to explore the possibilities of evangelising through the stage, no matter how humble the attainment that we can hope for at present. Our dramatic club is only in the experimental stage and we hope that its work will justify itself.

We are experimenting upon another new project as well. It is the arrangement for a study circle at inter-collegiate level in which our College collaborates with the Christian Union of Women's Christian College. The group meets once in a fortnight to discuss the Christian home.

Before I conclude I must thank all members of the Committee for their active and lively co-operation. I must especially thank Miss Arunthathy Kanagathungam for her work among the women—'she is solitary in the field.' It is only this year that the women students of this College take part in

S.C.M. Camps and Conferences Before that even most of the men students of the Christian union never knew that we had women members.

For long it has been a criticism against the Union that we are practically doing nothing to include the participation of the general membership. It is very obvious where the remedy to the criticism lies. Increased co-operation and better understanding is the only solution that I can think of. Each individual can render his little bit to make this enterprise a real success.

K. M Mathew,
General Secretary.

THE WOMEN STUDENTS' UNION

The association met early this term to elect the office-bearers for the year 1949–50. Mrs Gandheker was elected President, Molly Philip and Chandramathy Thomas, Joint Secretaries and Kamala Supramaniam, Treasurer.

We had our Inaugural meeting on the 23rd of August when the members were first entertained to tea and then to a talk by Mrs. Mona Hensman. Mrs. Hens an chose 'Women and Legislation' as her subject and in her own delightful way made it lively and interesting.

We hope to have some more meetings of the above association in the course of next term.

Chandramathy Thomas,
Molly Philip,
Joint Secretaries.

ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

We began this year with two unanimous elections. K Radhakrishna Menon, was elected Chairman, and S Vamadevan, was elected Secretary, Clarence Christian was nominated Treasurer.

Our Inaugural was one of the first to be held. On August 5, 1949, Dr. R N. Poduval, M.A., M SC (Lond.), Ph.D. (Lond.), Reader in Economics, Madras University, inaugurated this year's activities speaking on 'The Problem of India's Balance of Payments.'

We had our first seminar on August 17, 1949. Miss Saroja, *Hons. V, read a paper* on 'Keynesian Economics', and a very lively discussion followed.

By the time this magazine sees the light of day we will have to our credit two more seminars. We may very well claim that we have begun in right earnest.

S. Vamadevan,
Secretary.

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

At a general body meeting of the Malayalee Association held in the middle of August the following were elected as the office-bearers for the current academic year 1949-50.

Joint Secretaries—M. N. Damodaran.
P. G John.

Treasurer—George John.

We deem it a great privilege to have Mr. M. S. Samuel, M A., as the president of the Association for the year. The general body also elected a committee consisting of class and Hall representatives for the Association.

In the committee meeting on 19th August, discussions with regard to the inaugural meeting and Onam celebrations took place. The inaugural address of the association was delivered by the Poet Laureate, Mahakavi Vallathol, on 1st September. Mr. M. S. Samuel presided, and Mr. K. M. George congratulated the poet.

This year we intend to have as many formal meetings as possible and also informal meetings at which members can discuss various subjects. We are confident that our Association which has a long history behind it will prove worthy of its name and traditions this year also. It was also decided that '*Kairali kumari,*' the defunct organ of our Association should be revived this year.

M. N. Damodaran,
P. G. John,
Secretaries.

KARNATAKA BASHABHIVARDHINI SANGHAM

This year we are very glad to announce that there are more Kannada members than last year. The inaugural address was delivered by the Kannada Poet Laureate of Madras, Mr. M. Govinda Pai, who spoke on 'The Antiquity of Kannada Dramas.' The meeting was largely attended by Kannada students and members of the staff. Mr. K. Narasinga Rao presided.

THE PHILOSOPHY ASSOCIATION

We began our activities this year with the election of office-bearers for the year, on 19th July. The following were elected:

President—Rev. V. M. Thomas.

Student President—Dr. Miss I. Wilhelmson.

Secretary—E. R. Gopinath.

Treasurer—Miss Pamela Devaraj.

Class Representatives—Padmanabha Iyer (5th Hons.). Mathews Pooppally (4th Hons.); Roy Dias (3rd Hons.).

The inaugural meeting of the association came off on 5th August when V. R. Erhenels, Ph.D., the Anthropologist of the Madras University, delivered an interesting address on 'Social Organisation and Ethics'.

We were not able to have more meetings this time as we had to begin rather late But we are conducting one more meeting by the end of this term.

E. R. Gopinath,
Secretary.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The late formation of the 3rd Honours class resulted in a slight delay in commencing the activities of the Association. That the cause of English literature in this country is not a lost one was decisively illustrated by the increased number of admissions this year and also by the fact that all the members are showing the right type of enthusiasm in the course and in the Association's activities. We are particularly glad in welcoming into our midst, Leo B. Fredericks, who had the distinction of scoring top-most marks in English in the university in the last intermediate examination.

At the first general body meeting, Mr. P. V. Ramachandran presided and the office-bearers for the year were elected. Mr. Vijai Hensman was elected Patron and K. Subramaniam, the student president. The two Secretaries elected are Miss Kanagathungam and M. Unnikrishnan. R. Madhavi, P. V. Marthandam and V. R. Narayanaswami were elected class-representatives.

We began our activities for the year with the inauguration ceremony, by Mr. Harry Heap of the British Information Service, Madras, who kindly came to Tambaram at our request. Mr. Heap spoke on 'Spoken and written English' emphasizing the importance of the spoken word over the written, with special reference to the Radio. Mr. Heap has had a fairly long association with the B.B.C. and his speech was highly instructive, and pleasantly informal. The meeting was preceded by the customary tea-party for the staff and members.

We look forward to a year of continued healthy activity and solicit the co-operation of all concerned.

A. Kanakathungam,
M. Unnikrishnan,
Secretaries.

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE FINE ARTS SOCIETY.

The following office-bearers were elected for the year:—

President—Dr. M. A. Thangaraj.

Secretaries:—

V. N. Sama Rau.
P. K. Balasubramanian

Treasurer—K. Bhaskara.

Committee Members:—

Miss R. Madhavi.
C. R. Vaidhyanathan.
K. S. Ramamoorthy.
S. Radhakrishnan.
S. Suryanarayanan.
N. Kannayiram.
R. Dwarakanathan.

The inaugural performance was held on the 3rd August 1949, by Srimathis Padmini

and Hemamalini Vijayaraghavan accompanied by Sri Chittoor Gopalakrishnan on the violin and Sri Kalpathi Ramanathan on the mridhangam. The second performance was a Kalakshepam by Sri Kothamangalam Subbu on the 25th August

In the second term on Monday the 17th October there will be a performance by Sri Madura Mani Iyer. The secretaries hope to have a dance performance by Kumari Kamala in the middle of the term Srimathi N. C. Vasanthakokilam and Srimans M M. Dandapani Desikar and M. K. Thyagaraja Bhagavathar have also promised to give music performances in the course of this year.

V. N. SAMA RAU,
P. K. BALASUBRAMANIAN,
Secretaries.

THE RURAL SERVICE LEAGUE

The school started by our League last year, has not yet been recognised by the educational authorities. Hence the responsibility of maintaining two teachers and other miscellaneous expenditure incurred by managing the school is being shouldered by the League finance committee, which was functioning at a deficit.

But help came from our entertainment in aid of our League Fund. We are greatly indebted to Srimathi Tara Choudhry for having helped the league by an excellent performance.

The following who were elected secretaries for the respective halls are progressing well with the enrolment of members:

Bishop Heber Hall—Paul Jeyaraj
Selaiyur Hall—M Appaswamy
St. Thomas's Hall—V. Ponnampalam.

A group of active workers who assembled under the leadership of our ex-General Secretary, Mr. M. K. Thavaraj, B.A., to whom the league owes immense thanks, resolved to work with vigour and declared unanimously elected the following as leaders for different sections.

1. Manual Labour and Agriculture—M. Appaswamy
2. Sports and Entertainments—Paul Jeyaraj.
3. Organisation and Education—Rajendram.
4. Medical and Sanitary Works—Gandhi J. A. Sampath.
5. The General Secretary—V. Ponnampalam.

The budget and the programme of the work for the year will find its place in the second issue of our magazine.

The enthusiasm shown by the volunteers in village visits, studying rural problems and the successful organisation of the Independence Day celebration in the village, augurs well for the future and we look for more volunteers in our efforts, to reconstruct our 'Rural India, the Real India.'

CHANDRAN DEVANESEN,
President.
V. PONNAMPALAM,
General Secretary.

TAMIL SANGAM

The office-bearers of the Sangam for the academic year 1949–50 are:—

Patron—P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A.
President—T. K Gopala Iyer, B.A.
Student-Chairman—M. K. Thavaraj.
Secretary—S. Jayasankaran.
Assistant Secretary—V. Ponnampalam.

Class representatives—
I Section I—Aliar.
„ II—Elumalai.
II. „ I—Jayagopal
„ II—M. Varadarajan
III. Victor Jayasingaraj.
IV. M. S. Asirvatham.
B.Sc.—Wilson Dorairaj
Honours—Jagadeesan.
Ramalingam

The inaugural address of the Sangam, was delivered on Tuesday the 9th of August, by Thiru M P. Sivagnana Gramaniar, Editor 'Tamil Murasu', when Vidwan Thiru S. Arumuga Mudaliar, M.A., L.T., B.O.L., (M.E.S.), Professor in Tamil, Teachers' College, Saidapet, presided. The Lecturer spoke about 'Makkal Ilakyam' In his address he pointed out the main characteristics of 'Makkal Ilakyam' by giving illustrations from Sangam Literature and

Bharati's works. The learned president illuminated the subject by various quotations from English and Tamil literature.

A debate in Tamil was held on the 23rd of August at 5 p.m. to select a team to represent this college in the Inter-collegiate Competition in Tamil, conducted by the Madras University. Many students enthusiastically took part in the debate. Thiru M. K. Thavaraj (P.G.) and Thiru Sivaramalingam (IV class) were selected.

We hope to have two more Lectures this term, one by Thiru A. S. Gnanasambandam, M.A., Professor in Tamil, Pachaiyappa's College, Madras, and another by Vidwan T. P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai, M.A., B.L., M.O.L.

We are looking forward to having a lively energetic and bright successful year.

S. JAYASANKARAN,
Secretary.

V. PONNAMPALAM,
Assistant Secretary.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

Plenty of enthusiasm and life prevailed in our practices and everything augured well for the season. After a series of practices we emerged into a good side. It was not strange that the key position that fell vacant, with the departure of T. O. George, could not suitably be filled. For a time this was a big headache, but with the inclusion of Sathy James in the team in the forward line, things were well adjusted.

Before the collegiate matches started we beat the Chingleput Tourists comfortably and held the redoubtable Tilak Moti United Club of Madras to a drawn game. The encounter with Pachaiyappas was interesting in that good clever football was played by either side. In the end we went down to them by an odd goal in three. The Stanley Medical and the Madras Medical lived up to their reputation as the strongest sides in Madras today and they beat us.

We found ourselves against a poor side, Vivekananda College, whom we beat easily by six goals to one. Dame Fortune once again failed to greet us when we played the Engineers and lost by a solitary goal scored from a melee.

We hope very soon we will break this hoodo that has affected us and fight for a not-too-low place in the league. It must be said that we have lacked co-ordination between the line of attack and the intermediate defence. More match practice will do us good to improve and show a better form in the forthcoming knockout tournament.

Undaunted by the reverses we have suffered, our players always played their best and some of them have been always outstanding. P. C. George as full back did yeomen service. Gangadharan, Sathy James and E. J. Mathew all show promise and should they learn correct marksmanship we will win many more matches.

The last line of defence is well guarded by Canagalingam, the University custodian who at his best is a delight to watch. Although he narrowly missed his place with the Indian Team to Kabul, the recommendation of the M. F. A. should stand in good stead for further selections nearer home.

My sincere thanks go to all the members of the team, to Mr. C. A. Abraham, and to Rev. J R Macphail, our President, for all the valuable assistance they gave us.

THOMAS VERGHESE,
Captain.

CRICKET

Right from the start there was much enthusiasm among the newcomers and the attendance at the nets was quite large. This helped us to form a strong team. Out of the four inter-collegiate matches that we have so far played we comfortably won in three and drew in the other. We beat the Stanley Medicals, the Veterinary and the Government Arts College, each of them by 8 wickets and this gratifying result was mainly due to the unfailing and outstanding performances of N. KANNAYIRAM with the bat as well as the ball.

Our formidable opponents are the Pachaiyappa's College, the champions of last year, who are making a bold bid this year too. Batting first we made 198, thanks to Kannayiram who played a delightful game but unluckily missed his century by seven runs. Set to make 198 Runs in 160 minutes the Pachaiyappas ran a creditable race against time just failing to reach home by a meagre 8 runs with 5 wickets to spare. Owing to our poor ground fielding and catching it looked at one time as if defeat was almost certain but this was successfully averted by the good negative bowling of Kannayiram and Ramamoorthy. Leaving the result aside, this match was one of the best and most interesting we ever took part in.

We suffered our first defeat against the Varsity Occasionals who beat us in a

practice match. Notwithstanding this we may still claim to have a good team this year as most of the old Stalwarts are still with us along with the notable additions of Chinnadorai, the University Cricketer and K. Chandirasekaran, our wicket-keeper.

Before concluding I would like to say how grateful I am, for the assistance and co-operation I have received from the members of the team in general and for Cyril Philip in particular My thanks are also due to Mr. C. A Abraham and to Dr. S. V. Ananthakrishnan whose encouragement and timely advice has been of great help to me.

We are still up and fighting for the championship and playing cricket on and off the field.

C. D. GOPINATH,
Captain.

VOLLEY BALL

The Volley Ball team started its activities by extending a hearty welcome to the Juniors and electing the Captain for the current year. Since the beginning of the term, we have been having regular practices and it is highly encouraging to find a greater enthusiasm among the newcomers as well as among the Senior members of the team, than last year. With a feeling of exhilaration and gratitude we call back to memory some of the veteran players who left the College this year and whose contribution to the roaring success of the team last year can never be exaggerated.

We had our traditional match with the Tambaram R.I.A.F. which we lost as the team was just beginning to find itself. Then we started the league matches and had effortless victories over Meston Teachers College, Engineering College and Loyola College. Against the Madras Medicals our chances for scoring were great and it would have been a smashing victory for us if we had pressed home those chances to our advantage.

The team as it is combines in itself both offence and defence players, Balarama Menon, J. Backia Raj and Paul standing out for offence and Ragupathy, C. Thomas and Justin for defence. Other members of promise are Abraham Koshy and Arumanayagam.

We look forward to a year full of activity and success.

P. J. PAUL,
Captain.

BASKET BALL

After a period of early practice our team was selected and it consists of the following players :—

1. Mathew E. Joseph.
2. Chandra Pandyan.
3. Dr. Thangaraj.
4. D. Jacob.
5. M. Satheesan.
6. C. John.
7. Ibrahim.
8. George Thomas.

So far we have been doing very well. Out of the five Inter-collegiate matches we have played, we have lost only one. Despite the fact that we lost to the Medicos we did put up a plucky fight Dr. Thangaraj's all-round proficiency in the game is outstanding. Mathew Joseph's accurate shooting and Chandra Pandyan's quick passes have helped us a great deal.

Special mention must be made about Mr. C. A. Abraham's careful and patient coaching. Under his expert guidance, we hope to win the Inter-collegiate Championship Trophy.

C. A. ALEXANDER,
Captain.

TENNIS

This year's tennis team consists of the three old timers C. D. Gopinath, N. Kannayiram and S. A. Dharmaraj—the last mentioned welcomed back joyfully by us after a short furlough—and the new addition Ranganath Rao Sahib who has got it in him and will do things for this College with a little more of experience.

Our first encounter was with the upcoming doctors, the Madras Medical College. We began the day very well, C. D. Gopinath, beating K. T. Mathew 10-5 by producing some stylish tennis Next, we were landed into a tie, K. Gandhi beating

Dharmaraj, who seemed to shirk running about 10–6. Then in the deciding doubles match, though we led 6–4, through causes to which no motive can be attributed, we went down fighting 7–10.

In the next, we beat the Government Arts College by 2 matches to 1. Again Gopinath in his characteristic way, wiped away his opponent 10–3. The next singles proved tough and interesting, both Ajmal Khan and Dharmaraj showed remarkable retrieving power and concentration. In the end, Dharmaraj won through the skin of his teeth, by the score of 10–9. Then the doubles, played in semi-darkness, went to our opponents represented by K. Hussain and Mohanrao 10–8. Rao Sahib and Kannayiram played their best and were at one stage, up by 8–6. In the end we lost, there being many a slip between the cup and the lip.

In concluding, let me thank the President Mr. Chakravarthy and the Physical Director Mr. Abraham for their untiring efforts

N. Kannayiram.
Secretary.

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will certainly convince you of our ultra-efficiency in every aspect which has been our consistent principal motto.

For these and our untiring efforts towards our clients, we are proud to say that we have been **duly recognised and highly recommended by the United Kingdom Trade Commissioner, Madras, as one of the principal establishments in Madras**. We give below an extract of the letter and a few of the many unsolicited letters received by us.

Your Salon has been recommended to us by the United Kingdom Trade Commissioner . . . as the principal Salon in Madras . . . .

(Sd.) A. Newman,
Sales Affiliates Ltd.,
Hertfordshire, England,
10–5–1949.

Would you kindly let me know if you will still do the 'Permalette' system in your Salon. It was the best perm I've had and would like to have it again . . . .

J. R. Dorai Ranee of Pudukottah,
21–8–1948.

The perm looks very good. I shall come and worry you again on the . . :

Eileen Mack,
Wife of the Hon'ble Justice E. E. Mack,
High Court, Madras,
17–3–1949.

(A change has since been wrought in the management.)

Phone 86113

A Special Concession to all Students and Working Girls.